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"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and good faith, toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-simile of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

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GRAND SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING  
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans,  
Tuesday, June 14, 1887.

Capital Prize \$300,000

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF \$300,000 is \$300,000  
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is 100,000  
1 PRIZE OF 20,000 is 20,000  
1 PRIZE OF 10,000 is 10,000  
2 PRIZES OF 5,000 are 20,000  
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are 25,000  
100 PRIZES OF 500 are 50,000  
200 PRIZES OF 200 are 40,000  
500 PRIZES OF 100 are 50,000

APPROXIMATELY TO BE PAID.

100 Prizes of \$200 approximating to \$20,000  
100 Prizes of \$100 approximating to \$10,000  
100 Prizes of \$50 approximating to \$5,000  
100 Prizes of \$20 approximating to \$2,000

TERMINAL PRIZES.

1,000 Prizes of \$100 decided by \$300,000 Prize are 100,000  
1,000 Prizes of \$50 decided by \$100,000 Prize are 50,000

\$3,336 Prizes amounting to \$1,035,000

For Cash Bets, one of the prizes of the undivided. Your handwriting must be distinct and legible. No more prizes will be paid than the amount of the prize. Your full address.

Send FORTY-NINE STAMPS, Express Money Order or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (as our expense) addressed to:

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WILLIAMSHOTEL,  
SILVER KING, APT.

ROBERT WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

This house, under the new management, has been overhauled, renovated, provided with new furniture, conveniences, etc., and in the place where the traveling public will always find the best accommodations at the most reasonable rates.

OUR BAR  
has been newly stocked with the

Choicest Wines, Liquors  
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THE STAGE OFFICE IS AT THIS HOUSE.

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Saddles, Harness,  
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BLACKSMITHING  
of all kinds,  
Done at Reasonable Rates.

FRANK M. GRIFFIN, Corner Bailey  
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Warning to the Public.

All persons are hereby warned not to buy or trade for any cattle of the following brands: A on right hip and also on the right hip the letter I surrounded by a circle. The said cattle belong on the Bluewater Range, and no person except myself has a right to sell any of the same.

A reward of one hundred dollars will be paid for any person driving any of said cattle from said range.

JOHN C. LOSS.

WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

FLORENCE, MAY 21, 1887

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

Thrilling Scene at the Death of a Murderer—The Victim Gives the Signal to Fire.

Senor Blanco, a man noted for his desperate character, says a writer in the New York Times, had in Dajabon brutally and in a most cowardly manner murdered an inoffensive person for some fancied slight. The murderer escaped into the swamps at El Copey, but the governor with considerable promptitude exerted himself with great vigor, and after a search of ten days one of the searching parties sent out by him ran across the fellow in a part of the swamp inhabited only by alligators, and, tying him up, brought him back. He was tried for the murder and sentenced to death. San Domingo, more advanced than America, doesn't use the rope to execute its criminals, but shoots them, and a part of the public plaza is set apart for that unpleasant ceremony. The criminal is brought out and, placed with his back to a low brick wall built for the purpose of stopping bullets, receives his leaden death.

At the appointed time, Blanco—a magnificent specimen of a man, tall, powerful, and with all the courage of desperation—was taken from his place of confinement in the little jail and prepared to be marched out to his fate. The heavy irons which manacled his wrists and ankles were removed, and he was allowed to make his last toilet. This he did, tightening his collar a little, and touching up the rest of his costume with a white as firm a step and as unflinching an air as if he had been going to receive the highest honor, he stepped into his place between two armed soldiers and waited quietly until with measured steps the rest of the riddled guard—twenty-five in number—closed in upon all sides of him. Obeying the order to "march" with as much military precision as those who guarded him, the condemned man started through the heart of the town, the streets crowded with people who were going to see him die, and Blanco glanced at them with a palpable sneer, disfiguring his handsome mouth. His courageous bearing impressed even those people, accustomed as they are to scenes of the kind, and with a wonderful composure, he did not throw stones at him or even attempt to deride him. Arrived at the plaza, where the governor and his staff, all in full uniform, and a crowd of people were waiting for him, the guard and their prisoner halted. They stood at just the right distance from the fatal spot upon which Blanco was to stand, and which was already marked by the grisly blood which was so soon to receive its burden. At a movement from the captain Blanco stepped firmly forward, and in long strides walked up to his position, and, stopping, turned around and faced his executioners. There was a pause, broken by the clear voice of the murderer asking for permission to give the word to fire. The request was so unexpected that the captain was for a moment nonplussed, but at a sign from the governor he simply bowed his assent, and Blanco, apparently satisfied, began calmly to take off his coat. This being accomplished, he slowly opened his shirt front, and, baring his protruding breast, braced himself to meet his death blow. There was a rattling of muskets as the file, at a sharp command from the captain, brought their pieces to "aim," and there was another deadly pause as the men waited for the doomed to give the word to fire. It was again broken by Blanco's clear voice: "Shoot at the breast of a man, fire!" The blast which rang out from those twenty-five deadly weapons was deafening. Through the cloud of smoke I saw Blanco. For a second, after the discharge, he stood perfectly still, not a quiver, not a shudder, not a movement of his hands tearing away little bunches of earth adhered to grass as he rose. Glaring at his executioners with a look of hatred that shall never be effaced from my memory of this scene he, with a quick movement, raised his two hands and flung with wonderful power the dirt straight at the heads of the soldiers. The soldiers recoiled, their destination Blanco sank down upon and across his coffin was dead.

Language of the Eyes.

Long, almond-shaped eyes, with thick-skinned eyelids that cover half the pupil, are indicative of genius when they are found in conjunction with a brow which is full over the eyebrows, and which has one deep perpendicular line between the eyebrows. I have frequently noticed this combination in the faces of distinguished literary men. The almond-shaped eye, however, even without this peculiar form of forehead, always means a susceptible, impressionable nature. Eyes which are large, open, and very transparent, and which sparkle with a rapid motion under well-defined eyelids, denote elegance in taste, a somewhat susceptible temper and great interest in the opposite sex. Eyes with weakly marked eyebrows above them, and with thinly growing eye-lashes which are completely without any upward curve, denote a feeble constitution and a melancholy disposition. Deep sunken and small blue eyes, under a bony, almost perpendicular forehead, are indicative of selfish and cold-hearted natures. Eyes which show not only the whole of the iris, but also some of the white both above and below it, denote a restless, uncertain nature, incapable of repose or of concentrated thought on any subject. The eyes of a voluptuary move slowly under heavy lids. Round-shaped eyes are never seen in the face of a highly intellectual person, but they denote a kindly, truthful, and innocent nature. Eyes which (when seen in profile) are so protuberant as to run almost parallel with the profile of the nose, show a weak organization of the body, and eyes rather close together show penetration, but eyes close together denote cunning and an untruthful disposition. Eyes rather far apart are indicative of frankness and simplicity of purpose—an honest and guileless nature. When, however, the eyes are very far apart, they denote stupidity. Eyes with sharply defined angles, sinking at the corners, show a subtle, crafty, and sharper the angle and the more it sinks,

the greater the delicacy of perception it denotes; but when very much developed it shows also craftiness amounting to deceit. Well-opened eyes, with smooth eyelids and a steady and some fixed glance, denote a sincere nature. Eyes running along the eyelids from side to side, and passing out upon the temples, denote habitual laughter—a cheerful temperament, or, at any rate, one in which the sense of fun is strong.—Boston Sunday Times.

Men's Neckwear.

One reason why the making of men's neckwear has become so cheap is that many married women and young girls of fairly well-to-do families wish to earn something for pocket money, and, thinking this light and not unpleasant work, take it home and do it. They do not depend upon that for their bread, and so do not care to run the risk of trying to uphold the price, which is now less than half what it was three years ago. The women and girls who work at cravat-making are generally of a superior class, mostly such as have seen better days, and are ill-fitted to battle for justice, or of those who do not really need money and do not realize what a struggle it would be to live entirely from the product of their work at this trade.—N. Y. World.

It's Girl-Nature.

Now the propensity for wading, which is deeply implanted in the female bosom, is inexplicable. Unless a girl has the influenza or a bunion, she can not resist the temptation to paddle about in the salt water and get her clothing uncomfortably wet. This is a subject full of interest to me from the casting aside of the shoes and stockings to their removal. It is a fact pretty generally known in male circles that ladies prefer sitting on the ground when pulling on and off their stockings to occupying a chair or bench. But having my doubts as to the inflexibility of this rule, I had determined to convince myself by experiment. After the setting of my traps, to-wit, the benches, I had not long to wait. A boy and two young ladies, one of whom I recognized, came trooping down the beach, chatting and laughing merrily. They evidently wondered who had been kind enough to place the benches there for their accommodation, took possession of them at once gleefully, confessed that they were just too delightful for anything, and, having secured a pair of stockings, they proceeded to remove them. I was surprised to find that they were not so much as to throw them away, but, alas, my satisfaction was short-lived. When my guests made up their minds that it was time to wade they sprang from the benches, sat on the beach and tugged away at shoes and stockings in the old fashion. On the following day, resolving to give my experiment every chance, I had my friend, a bathman, sew a quantity of broken bottles, empty oyster cans, and rubbish of various kinds along the beach and sat under my umbrella and watched. The girls came down about the same hour, seemed a little dismayed at first, but, rallying, set to work industriously and soon had a clear space upon which they squatted, not taking the least notice of the benches. Then I put up my umbrella and moved sadly away from the habit of an incurable one. Eve must have sat her fair form down in the garden mold of Eden when adjusting her first garment from the historic fig tree, and left the habit as an inheritance to her daughters for all time.—Santa Barbara Post.

Sentimental and Comic Songs.

An interesting fact about successful songs may be noted, and that is, only sentimental songs make any money. Humorous songs become very popular. They are applauded in the theater when a favorite singer sings them, and are laughed at unrestrainedly, but very few of them are thought of buying and selling. This is a peculiarly true of that description of humorous songs known as the topical song. It may be explained that this is a song in which the material of the different verses is arranged to give point to a significant phase which invariably forms the last line of the verse. The performance practically amounts to giggling with language, the effect coming from the humorous and unexpected illustration which can be added of the idea embodied in the adopted phrase.

Given on the stage by an expert singer, who enforces the points of the verses by appropriate action and facial expression, these songs are very effective. Sung in the parlor by an ordinary vocalist and without the effect which comes from the assembly of a large number of people, these songs almost invariably fail flat. In consequence they are very seldom sung there, and the music publishers who give them to the world find the world ungrateful, much to the publisher's pecuniary grief. On the other hand, a sentimental song may be sung in the home circle by an inexperienced singer with very fair effect. Somehow or other the underlying sentiment survives the most outrageous treatment. It has better staying qualities than humor has. The melodies are simple, the thoughts expressed find a welcome among all classes of people, and the sheet-music finds its way to thousands of piano-racks throughout the land; and so the publisher becomes happy and affluent.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Mistakes of Vegetable Growers.

One of the great mistakes which American gardeners make consists of allowing green vegetables to grow too large and rank before gathering them. Turnips, carrots, beets, radishes, etc., should be gathered while they are small, and delicate in flavor. String beans should not be picked after the seed begins to form in the pod, or they will be found tough and not very digestible when cooked. Pick green peas before the peas are fully grown. When allowed to grow to a large size they acquire a strong flavor and become less digestible. Of course, such varieties as the marrowfat and champions will be too large and tender. Sweet corn should have the ears just filled, but the kernels should be tender and juicy.—Maria Parlow, in Good Housekeeping.

Since the disappearance of the buffalo the Rocky Mountain, or "big horn" sheep, has become favorite game. These animals ranged all the way from the Rio Grande to the Mackenzie, but at the limits named they are exceedingly scarce and most difficult to kill. Their natural home is among the mountains of the Upper Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. Some few are found in Washington Territory, Oregon and California, but the center around which they revolve is the Yellowstone National Park and the bordering counties of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming. Particularly are they plentiful in the mountains from which they take their name, viz, the Big Horn.

ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA.

A Dealer in Dogs Says the Disease Is Not Incurable—Patients Die of Fright.

Anyone riding in the Fourth avenue cars, says the New York World, can notice in passing through Broome street, a few cages filled with chickens piled together closely, a collar and a chain, and a dog, who is there to signify to the passing multitude that Mr. James Young has more and fresher canines for sale below.

That dog was once a triumph of the taxidermist's art, and except that his bark was out of order, no one would know that he had obtained Nirvana, but wind and weather have worked sad ravages, and left him bald as an old kid glove. He sags in places, and his waxy, glass eyes bulge out too much, but he seems to remind the world that his owner holds some original views on the subject of dogs who are called mad.

There never was a dog that was called crazy but you find when you cut him open he had something wrong in his stomach, something that oughtn't to be there, said the dog-fancier dialectically. When Dr. Mott, who is experimenting with Pasteur's methods in this city, made a post-mortem examination of the dog who bit the first child he inoculated, he found a hard ball in its stomach, which appeared to be composed of the hempen fibers of a door-mat. This was so remarkable a confirmation of Mr. Young's statement that he was induced by a reporter to tell about it.

"Yes, I saw that," said the dog-dealer, in reference to Mott's statement. "And it's just like I said before. When a dog's what folks call mad, you'll find the fibers in his stomach. Sometimes it's hair, sometimes it's wool, and sometimes it's the door mat, but the trouble's always the same. Here's the way it is: A dog that's kept chained up in his kennel or in a city house, the moment you let him out where there's grass you'll notice he will eat a lot of the coarsest grass he can find, and then he goes a little further and he eats up, you know, his instinct. He knows he needs medicine because shut up like that he doesn't get proper exercise, and most times he's got the right food, either, so he knows he's got to clear out his stomach some way. Dogs get a great deal of their own hair inside of them from biting it, and those what's in the house breathes in a lot of dust, and he gets a little of that, too, of course, that don't digest, and they begin chewing the door-mat or eating straw, and it forms a lump that the juices in the stomach makes harder and harder. Why, many's the time I've seen lumps taken out of a dead dog so hard you couldn't break them with a hatchet. Now how do you think you'd set with one of them lumps in your insides?"

Jersey a man had a year or two ago in his back yard a dog named Grover, and he'd refused \$1,000 for one of them. Well, he telegraphed some doctors who were interested in the matter, that the dog had gone mad and was chained up in his cellar. The owner was afraid it might burst through the window, and so shot it, and sent it warm to the doctors for dissection. Well, now, inside the dog was up, you know, that's his instinct. He knows he needs medicine because shut up like that he doesn't get proper exercise, and most times he's got the right food, either, so he knows he's got to clear out his stomach some way. Dogs get a great deal of their own hair inside of them from biting it, and those what's in the house breathes in a lot of dust, and he gets a little of that, too, of course, that don't digest, and they begin chewing the door-mat or eating straw, and it forms a lump that the juices in the stomach makes harder and harder. Why, many's the time I've seen lumps taken out of a dead dog so hard you couldn't break them with a hatchet. Now how do you think you'd set with one of them lumps in your insides?"

"Well, no," he said; "he never had, now that he came to think of it."

"Says I: 'Doctor, there's lots of imagination what helps to kill your patients,' and says he: 'You're quite right, Young, there is. And I told him that he was to come down here any time and inoculate me with virus from any of his rabbits or from his dogs, either, and that showed pretty plain whether I believed there was such a thing as hydrophobia. He asked me whether I'd ever seen a man with hydrophobia and said if I had I never would forget it."

"Well, now I'm not going to say that folks can't get blood-poisoning from the bite of a dog, because I know they can. Come here, Peter," and he took up his little blind Yorkshire terrier that was running about the floor and opened his mouth. "Now you see that black stuff round the top of his teeth? Well, those dogs has that and some hasn't; it's what we call a foul or a canker mouth. Some is born with it. Well, if a dog bites you so as that gets into the bite, you're apt to have blood-poisoning unless you're careful with the wound, but if it's properly washed and cauterized there ain't a bit of danger. For that matter, if you was to have a bite from a man whose teeth had tartar on them you'd run a great deal bigger risk. Dr. Mott said himself that he'd rather a dog would bite him than a man; it wasn't as dangerous."

"I know a man whose dog bit him in the hip. The place was healing up and he hadn't thought anything of it till about a week after, some fool said to him: 'By Jove! I'd hate to have that wound on you. You must have a good chance for hydrophobia.' Well, the man got as white as a sheet and ten days after they tell me he had to be smothered in the hospital."

"Now, you can just say this in the paper," as the dog-dealer finished his lecture on hydrophobia, "that what will cure mad dogs or prevent 'em from going mad is to give 'em a good dose of table salt whenever they look like they're drooping. That'll act as an emetic, and its simple and every one has it handy, and I'll guarantee no dog that has that every month or two to clean his stomach out is going to go mad. They collect so much stuff in their stomachs that if they don't live in the country and run all the time they needs an emetic every two months or so. And you might as well give a dog a dose of 'dog that when people wants to get rid of a dog it's kinder to kill it at once than to starve it out, as folks do, and have it staring round wildly and rushing from place to place, as a lost frightened dog will, so that everybody says 'mad dog' and chases and stones it to death. It's that what starts all these mad-dog scares in the country, and you're ashamed to know how many people turn on their dogs out when one of them scares comes along and the papers gets to crying out about it."

Pie factories are among the miscellaneous industries of New Haven, employing many hands. The pie factory of one man alone turns out many thousands of pies daily. These factories ship pies all over New England, to New York, and to many other points. New Haven is a pie center, as well as a local point of learning, refinement, and aristocratic exclusiveness.

An Interesting Ruffian.

On my visit to Batoum, writes a correspondent of the London News, an incident took place which will show how law and order went on while the Turk sits gurgling the smoke through his water pipe. On the beach I came across a fellow in a picturesque costume, and with one of the most fiendish faces I have ever been my chance to gaze upon. It was Mephistophelian, but then Mephistopheles was a gentleman, and there was nothing of that kind in this case. Pure malignity could be traced in every line of the visage I had before me. Being alone, and not knowing a word of the language, I made signs to him that I wanted to sketch, and he, like most easterners I have met, had no objections, and willingly stood for me. To be made into a picture seems to touch whatever vanity there may be in him. While the sketching was going on, my interpreter came ashore with some others of our party, and at my request inquiries were begun as to who my model might be. He stated that he was a Kurd, and had come down from the mountains about some business. He cracked, picked, and scratched while the sketching and questioning went on. He had a small gun which rested on his arm. Talking to him about it, the interpreter chanced to ask why he had not a sword or a dagger, to which he replied that he did not require them; it was not his way of doing things. "What things?" was the natural inquiry. "Of killing people." "Oh, you kill people, do you?" "Yes." "How do you kill them?" "I stand concealed behind a rock on the road and wait till travelers come up, and when they are close I shoot them." "What for do you shoot them?" "To get whatever they have upon them." "Then you rob all that you kill?" "How many have you killed in your time?" "Thirteen men and three Russians." Why he placed the Russians in a different classification was, unfortunately, not cleared up. I regretted afterward that this point was left so, but at the moment such a trifle did not seem of any importance in comparison to the astounding disclosures of this piece of humanity was making. All the time there was a pleased smile on his face, while he nibbled away at the walnuts. The snigger, I supposed, resulted from that satisfaction he felt that his picture was being made. "Where are you going when you leave Batoum?" "When my business is finished I will return to the mountains again." "What will you do there?" "Oh, please God, I hope to shoot the first traveler I see, and take whatever he has got." It will be easily understood that such an incident would fix itself in one's mind. The sketching of the scoundrel, and his remorseless face, all helped to engrave the whole deep into the memory. I stood on the same spot last year, where I had sketched this man, and the recollection of me gave force to the contrast. This brute's character must have been known in the place. He did not seem to make any secret of his doings, and yet he walked about free and no one seemed to think about him. The kadi of Batoum, no doubt a good Turk, would sit smoking his chibouk while this man walked about and returned to the mountains, as was his "way," to continue his trade of murder and robbery.

A story is told of a girl who has steady company in the person of a young man who is forever and forever a-kissing her. She likes a share of this sort of sweetmeats, but quite frequently it palls on her taste. He invited her to ride the other moonlight night, and she accepted, fully realizing that she would be made the target of a kind of occultary practice. Out on the road, in the moonlight, the young man handed her the reins, placed his arms about her waist and then drew near to her. She said nothing. Handing back the lines, from somewhere beneath her wrap she drew out a base ball catcher's mask, strapped it to her face and reached out for the lines.

The First Shot at Sumter.

Judge J. M. Crosson, a native of Newberry County, who graduated at the South Carolina College about 1840, and afterward moved to Texas, in a recent sketch of Colonel George S. James, who fired the first gun in the late war, says: "Now you see that black stuff round the top of his teeth? Well, those dogs has that and some hasn't; it's what we call a foul or a canker mouth. Some is born with it. Well, if a dog bites you so as that gets into the bite, you're apt to have blood-poisoning unless you're careful with the wound, but if it's properly washed and cauterized there ain't a bit of danger. For that matter, if you was to have a bite from a man whose teeth had tartar on them you'd run a great deal bigger risk. Dr. Mott said himself that he'd rather a dog would bite him than a man; it wasn't as dangerous."

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The Arch in Architecture.

Both the Egyptians and the Greeks were satisfied with bridging over the openings of doors and windows, and the spaces between columns, by means of the architrave, a mode of construction which involved the necessity of using long blocks of stone. But the Romans, whose enterprise took a wider range, were not content to labor under such restrictions. In their engineering works they were familiar with the principle whereby blocks of comparatively small size arranged in a semicircular form can be made to hold together without support from beneath, except at the two ends of the series, by being arranged in the form of a semicircle; and, applying this principle to architecture, they not only gave to art a freedom it never before enjoyed, but conferred on it a new element of beauty. The arch, unknown to the Greeks—or, if known, not made use of in their temples—employed by the Romans in the first instance from utilitarian motives, has ever since been an important, often the most important, feature in architectural works.

The Roman architect was thus in possession of all the constructive elements—pillar, architrave, pediment, and arch—which distinguish an architectural edifice from a building merely made up of walls and a roof. Without speculating as to the origin of pillar and architrave, with their subsidiary elements of plinth, capital, cornice, etc., it is clear that the last two—the pediment and the arch—resulted from the pressure of new and external circumstances. Into the history of the orders we need not enter. Their function is that of ornament, and the choice of their forms was probably governed by considerations of taste rather than the requirements of situation. The classic architecture in the best examples presents all the characteristics of a finished and matured art; and if the old civilization had been maintained in the old places, though an additional order or two might perhaps have been invented for the sake of variety, there is no indication that there would have been any important change in the style of building. The disintegration of the Roman Empire, however, and the triumph of the barbarians, brought into play an entirely new set of forces, and prepared the way for the wonderful series of beautiful and ever-varying creations which we know by the name of Gothic architecture.—Francis H. Baker, in Popular Science Monthly.

In the Wild Waves.

They had been at Ocean Grove for three or four days—a queer old couple from way back in Jersey. Both seemed to take a lively interest in the bathers, and on two or three occasions they went down on the beach and felt of the water. At length the old man seemed to make up his mind to a desperate undertaking. He left her sitting in a pavilion and went off and got into a bathing suit. It showed off his bow-back, thin legs, and knock-knees in a wonderful way, but he ambled down on the sands, waved his hand to the old woman, and made a jump into a comb. He was lost sight of for a moment as he rolled over and over and half-buried in the sands, but he finally crawled out on hands and knees, rose up and kicked vigorously, and was "picking" for the bath-house when his wife intercepted him and inquired:

"Samuel, are you hurt much?" "Hurt? No!" he roared as he kept spitting out the brine; "but would you believe the darned thing is salt water!" He went his way to get out of the "buds," and he never donned them again.—Detroit Free Press.

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